

My Emmylou

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/32291281) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/32291281>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Minecraft (Video Game) , Video Blogging RPF
Relationship:	Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF)/Original Male Character(s)
Character:	Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Original Male Character(s)
Additional Tags:	The Original Male Character Is Only Mentioned A Few Times And It's For Sex Purposes , Webcam/Video Chat Sex , Phone Sex , Blowjobs , Rough Oral Sex , Rough Sex , Dacryphilia , Men Crying , Anonymous Sex , Sort Of , Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot , its all porn , Come Swallowing , Throat Bulge , Deepthroating , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) Has A Large Penis , Dom GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Sub Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) Top , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Bottom Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Sex Tapes , Pornstar Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Dream Posts A Porn Clip On Twitter When He's Like 19 And It Resurfaces As IRL Soundalike Porn On Twitter
Language:	English
Series:	Part 10 of Dream Team Smut Fics
Stats:	Published: 2021-07-01 Words: 2475

My Emmylou

by [SlutForS8n](#)

Summary

“Oh my god, I forgot to tell you but guess what came up on my fucking Twitter timeline?”

"What?"

“It was this fucking soundalike porn clip of you. Dude, shit was insane.”

OR

George finds a soundalike porn clip that sounds just a bit too similar to dream...

Notes

Don't be a cunt in the comments or I'll fucking slap you or some shit. Just don't be a cunt.

Title has nothing to do with the fic. It's A line from Emmylou by Vance Joy.

Anyway ily <3

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Dream was gonna fucking die.

First of all, how the *fuck* did people find that video? It was almost three years old, from when he was like nineteen, incredibly horny and very interested in experimenting with his long-term boyfriend. Unsurprisingly, said long term boyfriend didn't end up being all that long term, but that's besides the point. Dream didn't think he'd ever see that video again but now he was. *What the fuck.*

He'd anonymously sent it in to some porn twitter account that he didnt remember the username of because he was young and stupid and honestly? Exhibitionism had sounded really fucking hot.

And it was. The idea of people getting off to a video of him, the top half of his face covered by a thick black scarf as he got his throat fucked, swallowing down the other man as he finished into Dream's mouth and came into his own hand with loud moans and desperate pleas was enough to get him off for a whole month.

But now he was sitting in a call with George, the brunette patiently waiting for his reply after he'd sent the video, confused at the silence.

"Oh my god, I forgot to tell you but guess what came up on my fucking Twitter timeline?" George had rushed out after he suddenly remembered, Dream only hummed in response, a push for the brunette to continue, "It was this fucking porn clip, yeah? And it was this soundalike to you. Dream, that shit was insane, the guy in the video looked just like you. Like the viewers don't even know what you look like but holy shit!"

"No way? Send it," the blonde laughed in disbelief. He hadn't even thought about it, thought about the possibility that it could actually be him in the video. He clicked on the link on his phone, opting for playing the video there to keep the images of his and George's faces still up on his monitor.

But then his Twitter loaded up and the video started autoplaying with the caption 'Irl Porn // Dreamwastaken Soundalike' and...

What. The. Fuck.

That was him, younger, stupider and with far less clothes on, but that was him. His wet, choking noises, his pitched up whines and his fist moving quickly over his leaking cock.

And George had seen it.

George had found that video, and sent it to him, and it was very quickly dawning on Dream that George must have watched it, too, because he knew that it looked and sounded like him.

“Dream?” George questioned, his eyes wide as his eyebrows pulled together over the screen. He was looking at him, that he knew, but Dream didn't know what to say.

And now he was here, eyes wide as he heard his own whines and the lewd gagging noises that escaped as his throat was abused, and as bad as this situation was, he didn't regret it.

“Dream?” George questioned again, he sounded slightly panicked and it made the blonde wince, “Sorry if that made you uncomfortable. You said to send it so i thought it was co-”

“It’s fine, George,” Dream reassured him, pausing for a moment to take a deep breath before continuing, “I, um... I just know that video.”

“Okay? Why are you being all weird?” George questioned, his tone sincere and worried but it didn't matter. Dream was gonna have to tell him no matter what.

“It’s me,” He whispered, eyes looking down at his desk to avoid seeing the brunette’s reaction.

“What?” George laughed softly before he noticed Dream’s serious tone, his face falling slowly, “What do you mean?”

“In the video,” He mumbled, “It’s me.”

George was silent for a moment before Dream looked back up at his screen to see the brunette’s

eyes on another monitor. Then he heard the noises, his noises, through George's mic.

"Are you watching it?" Dream questioned. It wasn't angry or upset, just... intrigued.

"Yeah, I am. Who was that in the video with you?"

"My ex," the blonde chuckled, his face scrunching up at the thought of him, "He was shitty."

"Didn't seem like you thought so in the video," George raised an eyebrow, watching with a smirk as Dream's face flushed.

"Well, how could I be mad at him when he fucked my throat that well?" the blonde chuckled as he watched the older boy splutter for an answer, "What? So you can make jokes like that but when I do it it's weird?"

George raised his hands up in defeat smirking as his eyes flicked back over to the video, "Y'know, you look hot as fuck."

Now it was Dream's turn to splutter, "What?!"

"Mmm, your lips look so pretty, all swollen and covered in spit, gagging on a cock that makes your throat bulge," George continued, his voice rough as he zones out slightly while he watched it unfold on his screen, letting himself occasionally look back at the current Dream who was sat all red on his other monitor, "You look fucking obscene. Look like a slut."

That was what did it.

That fucking word.

"Yeah? You think I look like a slut?" Dream questioned weakly, his eyes wide and his pupils dilated as he pulled his bottom lip between his teeth.

"Yeah, Dream. Pretty little slut," he groaned softly, rolling his head back before letting it fall back

to see Dream's reaction, "Such a good boy."

Dream was practically shaking in his chair. George's words were affecting him more than he wanted to admit. The tone of his voice was harsh, clearly not to be argued with and Dream *loved* it, relished in the degradation and the cruel words.

"Fuck, George, you can't just say that shit," he whimpered, pushing the heel of his hand into his swelling cock, "That video was from so long ago."

"Watch it, Dream," George smirked, his own hand trailing down to palm himself through his sweats, "Watch the video properly. Look at you."

So Dream did.

This time pulling it up on his second monitor, Dream unmuted the clip and dragged it back to the beginning and let it play.

He looked downright sinful and he fucking knew it.

Despite the blindfold, Dream remembered crying. He remembered salty tears of pleasure being absorbed by the black cloth and obscene gagging noises being pulled from his throat. He could practically feel the ache in his esophagus and just how rough it was. He remembered locking himself up in his room for two days after they'd filmed that video because his throat was fucking destroyed and it hurt like a bitch, but *fuck*, he thought it was hot.

The grunting coming from the man in the video brought him back to the moment, the taste in his tongue a faint memory as he touched himself over his pants at the video.

Dream sighed as he watched himself get used, saw his throat bulge sinfully and watched as he saw his ex-boyfriend press a thumb into the stretched skin while he choked.

The swell of the skin because of the man in his throat was really something. It was dirty and forceful and every time he pulled out you could see where the bulge vanished, only to reappear as he violently fucked back into his mouth.

He was being skullfucked, essentially, and *god* he missed the feeling.

The visuals were filthy, face covered in saliva and neck bulging, but the audio was downright sinful.

He was sobbing, harsh cries racking through his body as he heaved for breath around a cock that was fucking ruining him. Dream felt himself getting way more turned on at the memory, his cock going from a semi to fully hard in moments. He could hear the wet sound of his throat closing around his ex while he gagged harshly and whined.

He was being ruined, being torn apart and pushed back together in the same moment and he was watching it happen. Dream was watching himself get used.

He continued to watch as his ex-boyfriend came in his mouth, fucking it down into his throat as Dream let out choked pleas for more, swallowing down what he could as more spilled from the corners of his mouth.

The other man fucked himself through his orgasm as Dream tried to beg for release, the sound just coming out as wet gagging.

When Dream's throat was freed completely, the gasp he let out was otherworldly. He heard the way his lungs heaved as he tried to catch his breath, saw the way cum and saliva dribbled down his chin and his neck as it slid down his abdomen to where his hand was roughly fisting at his cock.

Then he watched the other man spit on him.

It was filthy and degrading and so fucking hot, watching the spit slowly drip down his face, mixing with the endless supply of his own saliva that covered his chin

"Please sir, wanna cum," he heard himself sob, his voice strained and his whole body shaking, *"Need it. Want it."*

"You wanna cum?" he heard his ex breathe, *"You wanna cum for me, whore?"*

Dream watched as he nodded, whimpering out a quiet, *"Please sir."*

"Okay," the other man spat, gripping his jaw harshly and tilting his head up as he opened the blonde's mouth to see the white film still lightly coating his tongue, *"Cum for me, slut."*

And Dream did, his stomach tensing as he cried out and felt his hips jolt up freely while his thighs shook roughly. He painted his lower belly white with a plea for more.

He remembered how it felt, the most powerful orgasm he'd had in months and he remembered being rendered essentially immobile after, laying on the floor, limp, covered in cum, soft and sweaty as his partner had cleaned him up.

He watched himself with desperate eyes. He wanted that again. He wanted to feel that desperate, to be made that much of a mess again. He yearned for the pain in his throat and the harsh words. He wanted it.

The video stopped as he came over himself and Dream paused the autoplay, his eyes moving over to George on his other monitor.

"You done?" the brunette breathed, his face red and his hair a mess. He looked fucking hot.

"Yeah, just finished it."

"God , Dream, you look so fucking hot in it. So pretty when you're sobbing and choking on a cock," George groaned, letting his hand slip down into his sweats, *"Wish it was me making you fall apart."*

Fuck , that hit him.

George's voice was shaky as he voiced his thoughts, touching himself at just the sight of Dream.

"I wish it was too. Wish I was choking on your cock George," the blonde whined, *"Want you to use me to make you feel good."*

“You wanna be my toy, Dream?” George grunted as he pulled his dick out from their confines, thumbing at the tip with a harsh breath, “My slut?”

And yeah, he really fucking did. The thought of being used like that by George, having his face fucked and his breath punched out of him by the brunette was heavenly.

“Oh my *fuck, please* George.”

Dream pulled himself from his own boxers, pumping his cock with a cry, his head flying backwards with a beg, “Talk to me, please. Tell me what you wanna do to me.”

“Demanding, aren't you, baby?” George chuckled, breathing hard as his hand sped up, “Want me to tell you how I'll ruin you? How I'll fuck you so good you sob like that for me? Make you choke on my cock like a filthy slut?”

Dream whined, “God George, I want it so bad. Want you to fuck me up, make me a mess. make me never want anyone but you ever again.”

It was a beg, a plea almost, and the brunette couldn't ignore it.

Dream looked gorgeous, both in the video and on George's screen, but the brunette couldn't focus on anything but the way his voice was breaking, watching the blonde as his thighs shook as his chest heaved over the call as the soft hum of light from his monitor danced over his skin.

“I could fucking ruin you. Could fuck your throat so hard you can't speak for weeks. Fill you with my cum and make you gag on it. Make you cry for me, Dream.”

Dream could feel his cock twitching in his hand as the knot in his stomach tightened. He could see the way George was turned on, could see the purple-red colour of the head of his cock and the way he was thrusting up into his fist while looking at him.

“You looked like a fucking whore, Dream. Spit and cum smeared on your fucking face while your throat bulges full of cock,” George was blabbing now, clearly pretty close to the edge as Dream pumped his cock faster, “If you look like that full of his dick imagine what you'd look like full of

mine. Stretch you so wide you'd *cry*."

Dream was shaking. His eyes were watering and he was whimpering as he tried to comprehend the pleasure that he was feeling, George's words making it seem like so fucking much.

"Want you here, George. Want you to fuck me, fuck my face, sir."

Sir.

Fuck, George was close.

"Call me that again, baby. Call me Sir."

"*Fuck*, yes sir! Want you so bad. Make me feel so fucking good, sir. Gonna cum," He whimpered, begging for release as George let out a loud moan.

"Yeah, okay baby. Cum for me," The brunette grunted, his eyes wide as he watched Dream spill over his fist, the blonde's mind going blank as he felt his gut coil. His back arched harshly, his eyes rolling back while letting out quiet sobs of pleasure.

"Thank you, sir. *Fuck*, thank you," He cried, faintly hearing the loud groans George let out as he came, the noises muffled over the rushing in his ears.

"My good boy," Dream heard, opening his eyes, that he didn't realise he'd shut, to see soft brown eyes and a heaving chest, "Fuck, you look so pretty when you cum."

Dream chuckled and sat up properly in his chair, reaching for the box of tissues sat on his desk to haphazardly clean himself up, "It's not fair, I didn't get to see your o-face," The blonde pouted, "I'm calling for a do-over."

"As much as I'd love to whip out my dick and go for round two, I literally cannot feel my legs," He laughed as Dream let out a harsh wheeze, "But that video was... Holy shit."

“If you think that one was good, just wait till you see the other ones.”

“The other ones?!”

End Notes

Leave a comment and kudos and I'll kiss you on the forehead or some shit.

Ily

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!